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author found a good deal of work done as far as simple words and compounds were concerned, while he had to make many contributions of his own in the paragraphs treating of conglomerates. The emphasis, from the very beginning, is laid on the fact that a word does not stand by itself but forms part of a sentence and that therefore, the relation of a word to other words must not be ignored. Regarding compounds Professor Hempl again proceeds from the general principle, which is that "compound nouns have the chief stress on the first member, while compound verbs have it on the second;" a long number of exceptions, among them the lawless crowd of adjectives and adverbs with *un-*, are then explained by the following influences: (a) change in the value of words and parts of words; (b) mental association, that is analogy and contrast, and (c) rhythm.

A special subchapter is devoted to Geographical Names. The conglomerates, which generally keep the old sentence-stress, are treated in three groups: nouns and verbs, pronouns, and particles; an enormous amount of work is compressed here into a few pages. With some general statements about secondary and weak stress the chapter closes.

I shall only add a few remarks in regard to minor points.—p. 217, § 310 (3): Two Latinized forms of *Kleinod* are given, but I think only one is used at present, namely, *Kleino'dien* (cf. Sanders, Flügel and Sachs) despite the statement in Grimm's *Wb.*—p. 225: Under *-or Tenor* (from the Latin) ought to have been given, as p. 226 *Tenor'* is mentioned.—p. 229, § 318, note 1: *zu missverstehn* ought to have the second place being the rarest form.—p. 238, § 330, note: *Monats-, Tages-a'bschluss* or *-schluss'* show a stress quite unfamiliar to me.—p. 240: Minor's authority for *Wilden-bruch'* ought not to be accepted.—p. 245, § 335: *Thaler* ought not to have been translated by 'dollars'.—p. 247, § 341: Against the statement that *hinüber-, herübersetzen* are more common than *ü'bersetzen*, I wish to put the assertion that in spoken language, *ü'bersetzen* is more common as far as my experience goes.—p. 258, § 360, 6: *gleichwohl* has stress on second syllable (cf. Flügel) also *gleichviel*; *wiederum* has usually the stress on the first syllable, cf. Vietor, p. 69. Sanders has *o'bgleich, we'ngleich*.—p. 263, § 366, note 2: Sanders and Sachs give *Ele'ktricität'* which is the only form I know.

The explanation for the tendency to shift the secondary stress to the second syllable if that is a heavy syllable—if such a tendency does exist—seems to lie in the fact that the adjectives are much more common and so *authen'tisch*; *ela'stisch*, *elek'trisch* have influenced the rarer nouns.

Before I close my remarks about this book, which Professor Vietor calls "die beste deutsche Phonetik, im Sinne des Titels," I wish to express my appreciation of its fine typographical garb, which reflects great credit on the publishers. Only the row of strung-up fowl, vaguely resembling the Brandenburg eagle, does not seem appropriate in a treatise on language; it ought to be reserved for heraldic books.

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#### SHAKESPEARE.

*The Diary of Master William Silence, a Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport*, by the Right Hon. D. H. MADDEN, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin: Longmanns, Green & Co., 1898.

THIS book is the outgrowth of a scholarly love of Shakespeare and an appreciation of the pleasures of deer-hunting as carried on in the Forest of Exmoor in accordance with ancient usage. The Vice-Chancellor first collected numerous passages from the plays which are illustrated by hunting customs. Then it occurred to him to put together some of this knowledge in the form of a description of a hunt. The hounds must, of course, belong to *Shallow*; and who was so well fitted to write the diary as *Master William Silence*? One must not be hypercritical. If *Silence* did not write the diary, it is what he might have written; and if the family of *Shallow* is not in Camden's *Britannia*, it might have been, "the blood and quality of *Shallow* are widely diffused through the three kingdoms." Why insist upon facts when fiction is nearer the truth? Why limit one's belief to the uninteresting things that can be proved?

The people come together for the hunting in the park of *Justice Shallow*. This hunt is in honor of the home-coming of the *Lady Katherine*, bride of *Master Petre*, "a man of note in these parts," who has been masquerading as one *Petruchio*. In the diary there are

frequent references to a stranger from a neighboring town who has made a strong impression on the mind of *Silence*, and we are encouraged to believe that this stranger is Shakespeare.

The story flows on gently: sometimes it disappears for many pages; then it comes to the surface with a little conversation borrowed from one of the plays, or with some of those realistic touches that prove Mr. Madden's power as a delineator of character. Thoroughly unobtrusive as he makes the story, he cannot refrain from stopping a moment to tell us of *William Silence's* repeating an ode of Horace instead of singing a song, and straightway incurring the learned wrath of the *Justice* because of his "calling a poet, a philosopher." "Quintus Horatius was a poet, he was no philosopher . . . a poet's a poet, though he write the Latin tongue," says the worthy *Justice* indignantly.

It is at this same hunting supper that *Shallow* complacently names over his most valued books, the *Ship of Fools*, the *Book of Riddles*, the *Hundred Merrie Tales*, etc., and wicked *Master Petre* exclaims to *Silence* in affected admiration, "Would not learning like this amaze and delight thy fellow at Gray's Inn, Master Francis Bacon?"

A delightful air of leisure is given to the book by such details as the arrangement of guests at the table, by the reverential description of the arms of the *Squele* family—"In a field, *vert*, a hog, *squellant*, *proper*, charged with a pair of shears, gules; motto, *Great Squele, little wool*,"—and the solemn-faced arraignment of the false etymology on which this triumph of heraldry was founded. The author tarries to describe the effect that the fearful portent of the birth of a two-headed calf has on the county community, to whom everything unusual is a marvel. He can not forbear a touch of humor when *Mistress Slender* grieves that she is no longer "a papist, and not having so much as an agnus in the house," is defenceless against whatever evil this monster may portend. There is "that smell of brimstone as is not to be believed," and *Sir Topaz* is called upon to exorcise the evil spirit, while *Simple* considerably stands behind his mistress, "lest the foul fiend may perchance assault her when cast out." The next Sunday the parson preaches on the miracle, and during the sermon our friend

*Antolycus* appears, calling his ballads in the church porch at the top of his voice. A vivid picture it is of the admiring crowd, simple village maidens gazing on his "glittering gewgaws," and the "simpler rustic swains" trying to cheapen his wares. Here, too, are rogues and vagabonds, *Dogberry's* "vagrom men," for whose escape he bids his watch thank God they are rid of a knave.

The author loiters by the way to picture the residence of a country gentleman, the long, low, gray stone house with its mullioned windows, its pointed gables, its unsanitary moat utilized as a fishpond, its little summer-house from which one could angle for carp, the "fair orchard," the garden whose walks and beds were arranged in quaint devices, even the eglantine and rosemary under the window, and the perfume of

"Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram."

He is not in too great haste to question how it is "that in certain ages of the world the meanest man cannot do ill that which at other times the noblest fails to do well, save by way of imitation. Was ever parish church designed amiss in the thirteenth century, or dwelling-house in the sixteenth,"

he queries.

The story moves quietly onward to its end, when suddenly,—and "things were not expected to occur suddenly in Gloucestershire"—"*William Silence* and *Mistress Anne Silence*, formerly *Squele*," emerge from the shadow of the woodland path that leads from the church to the hunting-ground. On the authority of the genial editor of the diary, this scene is reproduced in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Anne's* selfish father accepts the situation in these words:—

"What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced . . .  
Heaven give you many, many merry days." V. 5.

So much for the story. Pleasantly as it winds its way through the chapters, and much as it sometimes makes us wish that its author would some day write an Elizabethan novel, no devotee of the average novel will ever read this book for the sake of the story. Indeed, the chief value of the story as a story is that it makes it possible to bring in the terms of the hunt and the lines from Shakespeare easily and naturally. Bits of the various plays help on the conversation; and even the description of the scenery is given in the words of *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

or the *Sonnets*, The laws of venery are strictly observed. We are carried on through the hunting and the hawking. We see how the hounds and hawks are trained and managed, and much of this is given us in Shakespeare's own words. Thus far the author has no theories, he is collecting facts. But he finds that while some of Shakespeare's characters use legal terms and some theological terms, while some talk like courtiers and some like countrymen, there are few who do not in direct quotation or indirect allusion make some reference to these out-of-door sports, few that manifest no familiarity with the technicalities of their language. This departure from verisimilitude is the more marked when we remember that in Elizabethan days a knowledge of venery was the shibboleth of the typical gentleman, and that the first English treatise on falconry bore the significant title, *The Institution of a Gentleman*. That with Shakespeare all classes speak the language, so that neither *Juliet* nor *Othello* nor *Pandarus* nor *Mrs. Ford* can express the feelings belonging to the part without making use of it, that it is here that Shakespeare turns for a much larger share of illustration and metaphor than he has allotted to any other branch of human work or play—this suggests inevitably that there was no other line of art in which he felt so much at home, no other amusement that he loved so well.

This is not an entirely new idea. Perhaps there is little hope of anything absolutely new in regard to Shakespeare. Perhaps there is small opportunity left to do more than to lay the emphasis on a different place. Mr. Madden, then, lays the emphasis on Shakespeare's love of sport, and even here his work is invaluable if only for reference; but he does more than that, for his collection of facts he brings to bear on various mooted questions of Shakespearian criticism so forcibly as to make his work approach the bounds of a veritable discovery.

While disclaiming the title of expert in criticism, he reminds us that expert judgment must depend primarily upon some matter of fact. Starting with the fact that Shakespeare's allusions to horse, hound, hawk, and deer contrast in mere point of frequency with those of any other writer in ancient or modern times, he makes a careful study of these allusions, and decides that to be distinctively

Shakespearian one should contain:—

"I. A secret of woodcraft or horsemanship. II. An illustration therefrom of human nature and conduct. III. A lively image. IV. A conceit; or V. An irrelevance; that is, an idea somewhat out of place with its surroundings."

He applies this test to the question of the authority of the Folio of 1623. Comparing the terms of art of woodcraft, falconry, or horsemanship, in Folio and Quartos, he finds the Folio

"more in accordance with the language of ancient writers upon the mysteries of sport than either the readings of the Quartos or the conjectural alterations of the critics,"

while not one term of art which is incorrect in the Folio is rightly applied in the Quartos. Moreover, he finds that not one of the thirty-four plays of the Folio "fails to yield specimens of the true Shakespearian allusion."

He subjects to the same test the twelve plays sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, but not in the Folio. His result is substantially a confirmation of the conclusions stated by Professor Dowden in his *Introduction to Shakespeare*. Applying the test to the admitted plays of those dramatists whose work has been confused with that of Shakespeare, he concludes that while the Shakespearian work is never free from this distinctive note, it never appears in the dramas of Fletcher, Kyd, Greene, or Marlowe. Ben Jonson is surprised to find "a wise man seriously follow hawking," and Bacon leaves out of his "all knowledge" any word showing interest in horse, hawk, or hound.

Mr. Madden gives a special chapter to the horse, showing from numerous quotations Shakespeare's fondness for the animal, his exact knowledge of its habits, its training, care, food, and management, noting his references to the sympathy between horse and rider, and his frequent metaphorical use of the horse. He marks the fact that Shakespeare has nothing to say of the horse-race, though even Bacon recognized the sport. A little fanciful it is, perhaps, to suggest that the poet's judgment in horseflesh developed in harmony with his dramatic genius, and to permit this to be an aid in establishing the order of his plays; to classify the historical plays as the "roan Barbary group," and to accept the comparative absence of the Barbary horse from the tragedies as a confirmation of Professor Dowden's statement that they were written in a

period of depression and gloom: but where so much is incontrovertible fact, one need not be jealous of one small fancy—which after all may be another fact.

A most interesting chapter is entitled "The Gloucestershire Justices." Here and in a note thereto appended, Mr. Madden has collected record and tradition bearing on the possibility of Shakespeare's having spent some part of his early life in Gloucestershire, probably that between his removal from Warwickshire and his arrival in London. He thinks that *Master Robert Shallow* and his fellows, *Slender* and *Silence* and others, were, in the first draft of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, faithful portraits of Gloucestershire originals, and that it was at a later period that Shakespeare, for some unknown reason, was willing to identify the *Justice* with Sir Thomas Lucy. His chief argument for this theory is the fact that between the Quarto and the Folio the character of *Shallow* undergoes a great change not ascribable to mistakes of surreptitious copyists, and that the Quarto differs from the Folio, not as an imperfect copy from an original document, but as a rough draft from a completed work. In the Quarto, *Shallow* is a subordinate character, serving chiefly to introduce his nephew. He is "fussy, important in his way, and self-complacent, but deferential rather than self-asserting." In the Folio, "*Shallow*, the *custos rotulorum*, is decidedly pompous. He dwells on his dignities, and poses as a personage." The very identity of *Shallow* is gone. Some motive of resentment has arisen against a member of the Lucy family. Most improbable of all possibilities, the author thinks, is the notion that Shakespeare, twenty years afterwards and when Sir Thomas Lucy was dead, was avenging some punishment inflicted upon him for deer-stealing in his youth. The appearance of any poaching story in the Folio he accounts for by the fact that in the Quarto *Falstaff* stole the deer of *Shallow*.

This and some other points may well be left to the attention of the specialists; but no earnest student who loves Shakespeare, who wishes to understand what kind of man he was and just what he meant to say, can fail to be greatly benefited by the book. Worth far more than any discussion of mooted questions

and genuineness of doubtful plays is the help that this book gives us to see Shakespeare at work, to recognize the very touch of his hand. Comparing, for instance, the *Taming of the Shrew* with the *Taming of a Shrew*, we find the references to horses and hunting in the older play to be merely such as would grow almost inevitably out of the action. While in the newer play many of these are retained, there are many more that are casual and independent of the plot, "stray thoughts of horse and stable," of hunting and of falconry, that are "forever recurring to all sorts of people," and these show the distinctively Shakespearian touch, and came straight from Shakespeare's love for out of door life and his familiarity with its sports. The explanation of the exact meaning of these sporting terms adds a new vividness and often an entirely new interpretation to Shakespeare's imagery, and gives clearness and force to many a passage that the complacent editors have labelled hopelessly corrupt.

Too much can hardly be said in praise of the general tone of fairness of this book. It is a model of inductive reasoning. The author does not start out to prove a theory, but simply to ascertain facts and whatever truths there may be to which these facts point the way. The whole air of the book is of sincerity and honesty. There is never the suppression of opposing fact of the poorly prepared contestant, never the heated argument of the too ardent controversialist. If we accept the author's conclusions, it is because we have seen that it is to these that the facts lead.

If one closes the book with the feeling that the terms of the proverbial "dog's life" are amply sufficient to express the various incidents and passions of the life of man, that it is safer to call an unknown word a term in falconry than a corruption of the text, and that what the nomenclature of the hunting field will not explain is unexplainable, this is a proof, not that the Vice-Chancellor has stretched his facts to cover his theories, but that he has laid before us so lavish a fulness of matter as to leave us without opposing argument.

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